

ELEGY

ON THE

Much lamented Death of the Reverend and Celebrated Mr.
PETER FINALL, who belong'd to the Choirs of
St. Patrick's and Christ-Church, and departed this mortal
 Life on Friday the eighth of this Instant March, 1727-8.

*Hunc Ritus, Latusq; Focusq;
 Et Numeri innumeri simul omnes collacry mârunt.*

Plaut.

WEEP ev'ry Eye, and ev'ry Tongue deplore,
 Our **PURCELL's** dead, and **FINALL** is no more;
 Is ev'ry Lyre to *Finall's* Praise unstrung,
 Whose tuneful Voice so oft his Maker Sung?

The Lukewarm Muse has been inspir'd by you,
 And shall the Muse to thee refuse thy due?
Orpheus the Rocks inanimate did charm,
 But you the *Atheist's* colder Breast could warm;
 When thou thy Voice hast lifted to the Lord,
 The trembling *Atheist* hath his God ador'd,
 In mournful Notes if you your Sins confess'd,
 His Heart has melted in his Conscious Breast.
 Weep ev'ry Eye, and ev'ry Tongue deplore,
 Our *Purcell's* dead, and *Finall* is no more.
Timotheus did the *Grecian* Youth controul,
 And rule the Motions of his troubled Soul,
 With martial Rage now warm'd his rising Breast,
 Now melted into Love his Royal Guest:
 The Various strings did various Thoughts inspire,
 Nor less thy Voice could do, than did his Lyre.
 How has Divine *Cecilia* blush'd to see
 So just a Rival of herself in Thee?

When you have Sung, She hath mistook the Key,
 And her swift Fingers have forgot to play.
 Weep ev'ry Eye, and ev'ry Tongue deplore,
 Our *Purcell's* Dead, and *Finall* is no more.

That Voice, which prais'd on Earth his God so well,
 Shall now among th' immortal Quire excell,
 And He among th' Angelick Host shall shine,
 Who here fill'd ev'ry Breast with Love Divine.
 For Him shall **SWIFT**, for Him shall **ELLIS** grieve,
 And Envy to his Merits Praises give;
 But would the Reader his just Merits know,
Finall must live, for he alone can show.

Weep ev'ry Eye, and ev'ry Tongue deplore,
 Our *Purcell's* Dead, and *Finall* is no more.